





The Breathitt News,  
\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. WISE HAGINS, EDITOR.

DR. O. H. SWANGO.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE HOURS—S. A. M. TO 4 P. M.

IN HARGIS BUILDING,

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

L. C. ROARK

LAWYER,

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in Breathitt and

Magoffin Counties.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce

HON. A. F. BYRD,

of Clark County, as a candidate

for Congress from this, the 10th

District of Kentucky, subject to

the action of the Democratic

party.

FRIDAY JULY 6.

McCREARY FOR SENATOR.

Senator James B. McCreary

has authorized the issuance of his

formal announcement as a candi-

date for the Democratic nomina-

tion for the seat in the United

States Senate to be filled at the

next session of the General As-

sembly. His card is as follows:

To the Democrats of Kentucky:

I have in various newspaper in-

terviews declared my candidacy

for United States Senator, and I

now, over my own signature, sub-

mit to you my candidacy for the

nomination as United States Sena-

tor according to the plan an-

nounced by the Democratic Exec-

utive Committee of Kentucky.

For the honor conferred upon

me in 1902, when I was elected

United States Senator, I am sin-

cerely grateful. I have tried to

be faithful and efficient, and the

manner in which I have discharged

my official duties I leave to the

unprejudiced judgment of the peo-

ple of Kentucky.

I have always been in favor of

primary elections fairly and

legally held, and I have always

been opposed to bossism or machine

rule. When I was first a candi-

date for United States Senator the

other candidates and myself agreed

to a primary election to be held

two months before the election of

United States Senator by the Gen-

eral Assembly, but the State Dem-

ocratic Committee did not deem it

for the best interests of the Dem-

ocratic party, and refused to order

a primary election. The proposed

primary election is ordered to be

held many months earlier than

any primary election to nominate

either State officers or United

States Senator was ever held in

Kentucky, or in any other State.

For many years primaries, or con-

ventions in our State to nominate

candidates for State officers have

been held in May or June of the

year in which the candidates nomi-

nated were to be voted for at the

November election, and it has been

heretofore believed that said pri-

maries should not occur when Pre-

sidential or Congressional elec-

tions are held, so that National and

State issues would be separated.

The primary election ordered to

be held on the 6th of next Novem-

ber will occur on the regular elec-

tion day when Representatives in

Congress will be elected, and this

primary election was called eight-

teen months before the election of

United States Senator by the Gen-

eral Assembly, and two years

and eight months before the Sena-

tor elected can take his seat in the

United States Senate, and candi-

dates for State offices will be nomi-

nated twelve months before they

can be elected, and the call for a

primary to nominate them so early

is in violation of the rule adopted

by the Democrats at the last State

convention in 1904.

The success of the Democratic

party should be paramount to the

interest of any individual, and the

authorities of the Demo-

cratic party should act for the

benefit of the whole Democratic

party and not for the benefit of a

few Democrats.

The outlook for Democratic vic-

tory in the next National election

is brighter than it has been in

years, and becoming more favor-

able every day. Kentucky Demo-

crats must give no aid to "rule or

ruin" policies, but uphold the wise

and just policies that will keep

Kentucky in the Democratic col-

umn with an increased Democratic

majority.

I have perfect confidence in the

Democrats of Kentucky, and I

willingly and gladly submit to

their judgment and their action

in my aspiration for a second term

in the United States Senate.

I have always been a faithful,

loyal Democrat, and I have worked

and made speeches in every cam-

paign in our State for thirty years,

and I have always when in office

given all of my time to the faith-

ful discharge of my duties, and

when our State had been Repub-

lican several years, and I was re-

quested by the Democratic authori-

ties to take charge of the cam-

paign in 1900, I managed the cam-

paign, visited many counties in

the State, and organized and made

many speeches, and with the aid

of my brother Democrats we re-

deemed the State from Republi-

can rule and gave a majority to

our candidate for Governor and

our candidate for President.

Precedents are not lacking in

Kentucky for giving to her Sena-

tors, whose services have proven

satisfactory, second and even third

terms, and as Democrats have not

objected to or criticised my rec-

ord, I am asking an indorsement.

Legislation on important ques-

tions and the great issues now be-

fore our country concern the wel-

fare of the people more than ever

before, and I trust my experience

and my investigation make me

better equipped for faithful and

efficient discharge of my duties if

I am re-elected.

The Democratic majority in

Kentucky is small when both po-

litical parties vote their full

strength. Our majorities in recent

years, as compared with those

twenty-five years ago, admonish

us of the necessity of earnest and

united party action. Every Demo-

crat who participates in the pri-

mary election should endeavor to

strengthen our party and improve

its prospects for victory at the

regular election by conducting the

campaign on a high and honorable

plane, and by seeing that every

candidate has justice and fair play,

and that an honest primary elec-

tion and every vote counted as cast.

Respectfully,

JAMES B. McCREARY.

Richmond, Ky., June 28, 1906.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TURKEY.

Richard McIntosh was here

Monday.

P. Barrett went to Jackson Sat-

urday.

Isaac Terry, Jr., was at this

place Sunday.

Wilson Terry went to Shoulder

Blade Saturday.

Richard Herald, of Herald, was

at this place recently.

Sewell Williams, of Quicksand,

was at Jett's Creek during the past

week.

Mrs. Thomas Johnson was the

guest of Mrs. E. F. Terry Mon-

day evening.

Misses Lillian and Ruth Terry

and Lillie Short visited I. C. Terry

Sunday evening.

Miss Bertha Blanton, of Jack-

son, was visiting friends on Mid-

dle Fork last week.

John Jones and Henry Arnold,

of Beattyville, visited Mr. and

Mrs. J. Terry Monday.

Miss Lillie M. Short, of Berea,

is visiting relatives here. She ex-

pects to return home when the

fall term of school opens.

NED.

Floyd Watts is improving slowly

from his long illness.

Edward P. Turner went to Jack-

son to lay in a new supply of goods.

Benjamin Fugate, son of Wil-

liam (Hubbard) Fugate, died from

the measles.

G. B. Combs is enjoying life

better since being treated by Dr.

Swango.

Katy Combs is still in a serious

condition. Her condition should

attract the sympathy of the neigh-

borhood for support.

N. W. Miller has contracted to

teach a common school on Leather-

wood creek and John H. Combs

will teach school district No. 24.

Andrew Hays is reported to be

# Lexington Banking & Trust Company

Savings Department Pays 3 per cent on Time  
Deposits. Safety Vault Boxes for Rent.

A GENERAL BANKING AND TRUST  
BUSINESS.

Acts as Administrator and Executor. Serves as Guardian  
and Trustee. Buys and Sells Stocks and Bonds.

Accounts of Eastern and Central  
Kentucky Banks Solicited.

INTEREST PAID ON BALANCES.

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$ 600,000.00  
STOCKHOLDER'S LIABILITIES..... 600,000.00  
ABSOLUTE PROTECTION TO PATRONS..... 1,200,000.00

LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL SECURITIES. SECURITY PRO-  
VIDED ON OFFICIAL BOND. OUR FACILITIES ARE AMPLE FOR THE EFFICIENT  
TRANSACTION OF ALL BUSINESS HANDLED BY CONSERVATIVE TRUST COM-  
PANIES.

CORNER SHORT AND MARKET STREETS,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

on his deathbed from prostration.  
Our fond hopes are that he will re-  
cover, as we regret to lose such  
good men as friend Hays.

John H. Combs wishes to say to  
the people of Turkey Creek that  
he was sorry to disappoint them  
on the fourth Sunday in June. He  
expects to see them in the near  
future.

ROUSSEAU.

The school teachers are having  
a lively time over getting contracts  
for the schools.

Berry Howard and wife, on Sun-  
day, have separated, and have  
mutual agreement and have divided  
their household goods.

The funeral services of Mrs.  
Susan Gillum will be conducted at  
the Hunting Creek church house  
the fourth Saturday in September  
by Rev. Daniel McIntosh and oth-  
ers. She was a member of the  
Presbyterian church.

OWSLEY COUNTY.

EVERSOLE.

Mrs. John Gibson died at her

home on Meadow creek last week.

A protracted meeting will com-

mence at South Booneville July 7

and continue ten days.

Robert Pendleton, son of George

Pendleton, was drowned at the

mouth of Sturgeon last Sunday

while bathing.

Richard Combs, of Booneville,

and Miss Nannie Shepherd, were

married last Sunday evening on

lower Buffalo at church.

Among those who were visiting

Miss Ida Seale last Sunday were

Misses Lula, Alice, Ollie and Ber-

tha Seale, Sadie Ledford, Miss

Stapp and Samuel Moore.

Misses Lillie F. and Maggie

Rose, of Wolfe county, in com-

pany with Miss Calla Bowman, of

Athol, spent a week among their

relatives in Owsley county recent-

ly. They are three very beautiful

as well as intelligent young ladies

and made friends wherever they

went.

The Ned correspondent of The

News writes that the W on the lo-

cust means war, while the Trouble-

some correspondent thinks it

means work. It is our belief that

it does not mean either. We be-

lieve it means wilderness, as the

children of Israel wandered forty

years in the wilderness.

Reduced prices on Men's and

Ladies' Oxfords. Ladies'

White Slippers at cost.

HADDEN BROS.

It is always well to have a box of

salve in the house. Sunburn, cuts,

bruises, piles and boils yield to De-

Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Should

keep a box on hand at all times to

provide for emergencies. For years the

standard, but followed by many imi-

tators. Be sure you get the genuine

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by

Jackson Drug Co.

## QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE Jackson Deposit Bank

At the close of business on the 30th

day of June, 1906.

RESOURCES.



## The Breathitt News.

Published Every Friday.  
CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS \$1 A YEAR  
J. WISE HAGINS, Editor.

### Local and Personal

Mrs. J. R. Blake has been quite ill for several days.

Mrs. L. Parrott is very sick at her home near Robbins.

Stop with Hart Bros., at Reed when in Lexington.

Mrs. G. G. Brown is visiting relatives in West Virginia.

Special prices on Ladies' and Misses' Skirts. HADDEN BROS.

Rev. W. W. Green returned last week from a ten days' visit to Irvine.

A new postoffice has been established in Lee county named Crystal.

R. A. Hurst is fencing the lot he recently purchased on High and avenue.

William Cobb, of near Robbins, was cut in the arm last Sunday by his brother.

A. H. Patton has purchased the residence of G. B. Smith on Highland avenue.

Hadden Bros. have a few nobby suits left in gray, blue and black. Call and save money.

D. L. Roberts, of Stacy, was here Thursday after a load of goods for his store.

Don't forget that the Teachers' Institute begins July 16th for Breathitt county teachers.

Mrs. E. P. Landrum left last Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. Hyden, at Levi, Owsley county.

Mrs. Jennie P. Howard, of Mangum, O. T., is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. E. Pyse, of Beattyville.

Mrs. W. R. Bradshaw has returned from Estill Springs where she has been for several weeks for her health.

Mrs. Ellen Bryant, who has been confined to her room for the past ten days with rheumatism, is able to be out again.

Green Callahan, who has been in Wisconsin for the past three years, is visiting his relatives in the county.

Martin T. Kelly returned last week from Whitesburg where he had been doing some abstracting for the Continental Realty Co.

Get in the swim. Buy a pair of coatless suspenders. The coolest and dressiest worn.

### HADDEN BROS.

A new postoffice has been established at the mouth of Quicksand, called Quicksand, with Michael Robinson as postmaster.

R. M. McQuinn, of McQuinn, and Mrs. L. C. Calhoun, of Rousseau, left last Monday for a three weeks visit to relatives in Oklahoma.

Prof. George Clark, principal of the Mountain Training School of Hindman, and wife are visiting Mrs. Clark's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hays.

Dr. Hardin Hurst returned last week to his home at Monica from Louisville where he had been attending medical lectures for the past six months.

C. J. Little, of Winchester, and F. L. Whitaker, of Huntington, W. Va., president of the Continental Realty Company, were here on business connected with the company last week.

Rev. Dr. Brown, Field Secretary of the Educational Department of the Home Mission Board, will preach at the Baptist church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Everybody invited.

F. B. Endicott, our local piano dealer, is receiving a nice line of pianos direct from the factories of Cincinnati and Boston and requests all lovers of music to call and inspect this line.

Henry McGuire, of St. Helens, was caught between the cars one day last week and his head was bruised. He was a brakeman on the L. & A. railroad. It is thought he will recover.

Prof. H. H. Harris, of Beattyville, will give one of his humorous lectures at the college chapel Tuesday evening, July 17, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church.

### THE HARGIS TRIAL.

The case against James Hargis and Ed Callahan, charged with the murder of J. B. Marcum, was called for trial at Beattyville last Monday morning by Judge J. L. Dorsey, who was appointed special judge to try the case. On a call of the witnesses many of the more important ones for the prosecution failed to answer, whereupon the attorneys for the prosecution announced that they could not try the case without their witnesses and moved for a continuance till some time in August to give them time to compel the witnesses to attend, which was objected to by the defense, and the court passed the case till Tuesday morning.

Court met Tuesday morning and the same condition of affairs prevailed, but the court refused to continue the case and appointed some special jurors to go after the witnesses and announced that he would begin the selection of a jury Thursday morning.

On Thursday morning the court again met for the purpose of selecting a jury, when the defendant presented an affidavit objecting to J. Sizemore, the Sheriff, and his deputies summoning the jury. Both sides presented a list of names to the court from which he should select an elisor, but the court refused to select a man from either list, and took the names from the jury commissioners for the past two years and put them in a box and drew the names of Green Perkins, A. J. Bowman and D. J. Shoemaker, whom the judge appointed elisors to select the jury to try this case.

If the missing witnesses can be found the trial will begin as soon as the jury can be selected. If the Commonwealth gets all the proof they expect, this will be one of the strongest cases ever made out in a Kentucky court.

James Stacy, who was shot near Beattyville last Monday a week ago, while resisting arrest, died last Friday night.

Mrs. Minerva L. Hagins has had a very severe attack of rheumatism for the past two weeks.

J. E. Childers, formerly of Paxton, but now of Campton, was here on business last Sunday.

Mrs. Cora Row, of Wolfe creek, near McQuinn, was brought here Tuesday and convicted of larceny and was sent to the asylum at Lexington.

The annual statement of the Jackson Deposit Bank which is printed on the second page shows that institution to be in a flourishing condition.

Clarence Hadden has rented the store room in the Masons' and Odd Fellows' building and will move his stock of goods there next Monday. He will also open a first-class butcher shop at the same place.

The little three-year-old son of Andy McMullens was drowned at Natural Bridge last Friday. Mr. McMullens lives on the grounds and is the keeper. The mother of the child was ill and unable to look after it.

Wm. Smith, of Frozen, bought the Dr. Stoops land near Simpson and sold it last week to John Cashman, of Ohio, for \$7,500. Mr. Cashman will begin taking the timber off of said land about September 1st.

R. W. Miller, of Richmond, prominent candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, died last Friday of paralysis. He was the anti-machine candidate for Speaker of the last Legislature and was defeated by only a few votes. He was only 36 years old and had a brilliant future before him.

The examination for appointees to the State College will be held at the college building at the same time of the regular teachers' examination, July 20 and 21. Any one wanting to pass the examination will please notify me at the time. Very respectfully yours,

HARRY B. NOBLE,  
Supt. C. S. B. C.

At Squire J. B. Noble's court, at his residence at the mouth of Caney, Wednesday, several boys were fined for disturbing religious worship at a funeral meeting at Stout Harvey's a few Sundays ago. The court was largely attended and everybody seemed to be interested in the proceedings. A few courts like that will put a stop to lawlessness in any community.

### GRAND STAND PLAY OF HARGIS LAWYERS.

Attorneys for James Hargis, accused of the murder of J. B. Marcum, were Monday guilty of a cheap and shallow bluff when the case was called for trial at Beattyville. The Commonwealth declared that it was not ready on account of the absence of a number of witnesses. Preparation for such a trial, especially where conspiracy features are involved, would naturally necessitate a great amount of labor and the summoning of a large number of witnesses, to all of which it has been practically impossible to give thorough attention since the return of the indictment about a month ago.

Jim Hargis' attorneys have all along avowed their anxiety and readiness for an early trial and probably they tell the truth. When they heard of the Commonwealth's embarrassment Monday they proceeded to work the situation for all that was in it and a great deal more than they were entitled to.

They proclaimed ostentatiously to the court that they were willing to admit the testimony of absent witnesses whose evidence had been given in Mrs. Marcum's damage suit against Jim Hargis and have it read to the jury from the record in that case without requiring the personal attendance of the witnesses themselves. In making this play they were, of course, perfectly aware that such an agreement, had the court even consented, would have been absolutely invalid and nullified the whole trial; that the Federal Constitution provides that a man must be confronted by his accusers, and that this, as well as every other constitutional right, can not be waived by agreement.

As a grand stand play, the motion may have had its uses, but as a proposition of law it was a farce.—Louisville Times.

**A Kick on Jett's Bowling Alley.**  
The Louisville Times of June 28, contains the following special from Jackson:

Sam Jett, Jr., is having troubles of his own. Two weeks ago Jett started a bowling alley here, and though having a phenomenal success, the residents of that quarter of the town, which the Bowling Alley is located, are objecting to the noise made by the tenpin game. Dr. Gardner and others have filed protest with the Board of Trustees and, if necessary, will obtain temporary injunction seeking to restrain Jett from running his business on the ground that it is a public nuisance.

### Lodge Officers.

At the beginning of the term the following were installed as officers for the ensuing term:  
JACKSON LODGE, NO. 302, I. O. O. F.  
W. F. Spears, N. G.  
W. H. Whittaker, V. G.  
Robt. Thomas, Secretary.  
Chas. Sewell, Treasurer.  
The I. O. O. F. has changed the time of regular meeting from Saturday night to Tuesday night.

PAN BOWL LODGE, NO. 122, K. O. P.  
Robert Thomas, C. C.  
T. H. Hudson, V. C.  
Sam Jett, Jr., Prelate.  
L. Y. Redwine, M. of W.  
C. L. Jones, M. at A.  
June Jett, I. G.  
G. W. Fleenor, O. G.

### Union Picnic.

The Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday schools will hold a union picnic at Natural Bridge, Friday, July 20. They have secured a rate of \$1 for adults and 50 cents for children.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued during the past week:

Wiley McDaniel and Miss Creola Martin, both of Noble; John E. Miller and Miss Louisa Thomas, both of Oakdale.

### NOTICE.

I represent the Phoenix Woolen Mills, of Lexington, Ky., and will receive at J. R. Blake's store in Jackson on Saturday, July 14, '06, wool for carding or manufacturing into cloth. This is the same firm I represented last year, and I refer to my customers. Samples of work can be seen at J. R. Blake's store. Work done on the shares or for cash. Patronize a home institution that guarantees its work. Yours respectfully,  
H. S. CHAPMAN.

### HEADACHES and EYESTRAINS



Many who have for years suffered intensely from chronic sick headaches, using drugs of all kinds, without any benefit, have found immediate and permanent relief in

### PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES

Because eyestrain was the cause. We remove the cause, and our cure is lasting.

### SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**S. D. FLEENOR,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,  
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

**A. H. PATTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE IN CHAMFORD BLDG.,  
JACKSON, KY.

### Master Commissioner's Sale.

Breathitt Circuit Court, Cross, Landrum & Others, Plaintiff vs. Mizel Landrum, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Breathitt Circuit Court, made at its May term, 1906, in the above styled cause, directing a sale of the property hereinafter described, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the front door of the Court House in Jackson, Ky., on

**Monday, July 23, 1906,**

between the hours of 12 o'clock m. and 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real property, to-wit:

Lying and being in Breathitt County, Ky., on main Troublesome Creek, and being known as the Tunnel or Race Mill property, and many years ago owned by Gabe Hays, and beginning northwest corner of the said lot or tract at a stake, thence w 4 poles to Troublesome Creek, thence crossing the same 18 poles to the mouth of the creek n 14 e 22 poles to the southwest corner of said tract, thence s 78 w 22 poles to the back of the lot.

Said property to be sold to public auction at the highest and best bidder, and the proceeds will be required to give to the purchaser money with approved security, bearing interest from date of sale and having the force and effect of a replevin bond and a lien will be reserved in said bond on the property sold for the full payment of the purchase price and interest. Bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. W. CARDWELL, A. C. B. C. C.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of Execution No. 1695 in favor of John D. Adkinson vs. Houston South, which issued from the Clerk's office of the Breathitt Circuit Court, now in my hands for collection, I, one of my deputies, will, on

**Monday, July 23, 1906,**

between the hours of 12 o'clock m. and 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door in the town of Jackson, Breathitt county, Kentucky, expose to public sale to the highest bidder, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the plaintiff's debt, interests and costs, and Sheriff's commissions), to-wit:

A certain tract lying and being in Breathitt County, Ky., on the North Fork of the Kentucky river, beginning at Buck Hagins' lower back corner on the ridge, thence a straight line and with the upper line of the old Polls-Lindon deed to two white oaks being marked with very old marks as a corner tree; thence a straight line to the head of the Little Pan Bowl Branch; thence down the river ridge to the beginning, being the property of the defendant, Houston South, and levied upon as the property of Houston South, a defendant in the said execution.

Terms: Sale will be made on a credit of three months, bond with approved security required, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from day of sale, and having the force of a replevin bond.

Amount to be made by this sale, \$77.08 and cost of advertising. Witness my hand this 21st day of June, 1906.

BRECK CRAWFORD, S. B. C. By S. B. STIDHAM, D. C.

## MANTELS

We carry a complete line of Wood Mantels, Tile, Grates, Etc.

Our mantels are of beautiful design, and are excellently manufactured.

We have many patterns from which to select; from the daintiest base to the heaviest cabinet. Catalogues mailed upon request.

## COMBS LUMBER CO.,

No. 234 EAST MAIN STREET. BOTH PHONES, No. 139.  
No. 919 WEST HIGH STREET. BOTH PHONES No. 25.  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

### A DISPLAY OF WEDDING PRESENTS

that will afford you much pleasure to behold, besides prices are such as will suit your purse.

An especial interesting collection of cut glass and hand painted china containing rare pictures of unusual merit.

For instance handsome cut glass vase, new Dorian cutting, height 12 inches, \$7 00.

Solid Silver and Silver Plated Spoons and Knives, Forks, etc.

## HEINTZ,

JEWELER.

Opposite Phoenix,

LEXINGTON, KY.

## Closing Out SALE.

I have decided to close out my stock of

## LADIES' HATS

—AND—

## DRESS GOODS

And for the next thirty days I offer anything in my stock at lower prices than ever heard of before in Jackson. Everything at first cost and some things lower than cost. Come early and get your choice.

**MISS ABBIE BAILEY**  
JACKSON, KY.

## How's Your Liver?

It will pay you to take good care of your liver, because, if you do, your liver will take good care of you.

Sick liver puts you all out of sorts, makes you pale, dizzy, sick at the stomach, gives you stomach ache, headache, malaria, etc. Well liver keeps you well, by purifying your blood and digesting your food.

There is only one safe, certain and reliable liver medicine, and that is

## Thedford's Black-Draught

For over 60 years this wonderful vegetable remedy has been the standby in thousands of homes, and is today the favorite liver medicine in the world.

It acts gently on the liver and kidneys, and does not irritate the bowels. It cures constipation, relieves congestion, and purifies the system from an overflow of bile, thereby keeping the body in perfect health.

Price 25c at all druggists and dealers.

Test it.

## It is Nature

for every person wishing to purchase

To Buy Where They Can Do Best.

We are in a position to serve you to every advantage possible, and save you money on the goods you buy for the following reasons: We handle a general line, making it convenient for you to buy everything at one place. We have been in the retail business for years. We give every business detail our closest attention and untiring efforts. We buy our goods from reliable concerns, at the right time and in the best paying quantities. We buy goods on cash terms which insures us spot cash prices. We attend to the largest portion of the business personally, which insures proper attention and small expenses of running same. We have no rent to pay and other expenses are kept down to a minimum. The above reasons enable us to conduct our business on close margins, small profits and quick sales. It is our constant aim to conduct our business on business principles, give correct weights and measures and insure every one a square deal at all times. ARE YOU WITH US?

## Crawford & Co

## MIXED PAINTS.

Just received a full line which we guarantee.

## THE BEST.

Will cover more space, last longer and look better than any other paint made. Call and see color cards and get prices.

## Jackson Drug Co.

## JOB PRINTING

THE BEST AT LOWEST PRICES

At Breathitt County News Office.

## MANY MEMORIALS.

There are many memorials erected to commemorate the deeds of those who have passed on, but whatever their form may be, no person of natural sentiments feels like dispensing with a suitable marker to designate the last resting place.

Don't waste time looking around—come here first. I have the monument you want.

**R. M. SHELLEY: JACKSON, KY.**



# THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

By Louis Tracy,  
Author of  
"The Wings of Morning"  
Copyright, 1903, by  
Edward J. Glode

## CHAPTER III.

A foot of a long flight of steps leading from the boat quay to the placid waters of Penzance harbor a stoutly built craft was moored. It had two occupants this bright January morning, and they were sufficiently diverse in appearance to attract the attention of the local squad of that great army of longers which seems to thrive in the blessed content, at all places where men go down to the sea in ships.

The pair consisted of a weather-beaten fisherman and a girl.

The man was scarred and blistered by wind and wave until he had attained much outward semblance to his craft. Nevertheless, man and boat looked reliable. They were sturdy and strong; antiquated, perhaps, and greatly in want of a new coat, but shaped to resist the elements together for years to come. Ben Pollard and his plaid driver, Daisy, were Cornish celebrities of note. Not once, but many times, had they been made immortal by the uncertain immortality of art by painters of the Newlyn school.

The girl, an animated cameo, to which the shabby picturesqueness of old Ben in his patched garments and old Daisy in her unkempt solidity supplied a fitting background, merited the tact approval she received from the pipe smokers.

Faces faded, blue eyed, with a face of delicate, dowerlike beauty, which added to its mobile charm by the healthy glow of a skin brightened and deepened in tone by an abiding love of the open air, she suggested, by her attire, an artistic study of the color effects derivable from the daintily-trusted little plant which gave the boat its name. She wore a coat and skirt of green cloth, lightly hemmed and cuffed with dark red braid. Her large white hat was trimmed with velvet of a tone to match the braid, and her neatly fitting brown boots and gloves were of the right shade. Beneath her coat there was a glimpse of a knitted jersey of soft white wool, this being a tribute to the season, though a winter in Penzance can usually shrug its comfortable shoulders at the deceitful vagaries of the Riviera.

That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible to the connoisseurs above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables—ranging from the jorily new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the Medean cabbage—and the whole affair moved with an air of principles of gravitation as codified and arranged by a rocking boat.

Pollard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle ran free. While they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat heeled over.

"The glass be a fallin', surr, missy," said the old fellow cheerily, "but 'twill wind backin' round to the nor'ard it only means a drop o' wet."

"You think we will make the rock in good time?"

"We'll do our best, Miss Enid."

She sat up suddenly.

"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for inglorious shelter into Lamorna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into birth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when he smiled.

"Do know the coast as well as most," he said, "farther go, stronger blow, 'ee know."

"And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."

This disparaged, Pollard defended himself and his craft.

"Mo an' Daisy 'll sail to Gulf-light quicker'n any other tubs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'll get there all right, I expect. W'at a nor'ard breeze we'll be safe enough. If the wind makes 'ee c'n see 'em in, 'ee know."

She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the sparkling powers of his plaid driver would rouse Ben instantly.

"As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if any one in all Cornwall could teach me better."

The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.

"Time we'll cast off," he said. "Miss Constance be a plaguy long time fiddlin' them wraps."

"Oh, Ben, how can you say that? She had to go all the way to the cottage. Why, if she ran?"

"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she b'ain't rumm'n, neither. Her's got a young man in tow."

What announcement would straighten the back of any girl of nineteen like unto that? Enid Trevillion turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack," she cried, waving a delighted hand.

"So it be," admitted Pollard, after a surprised stare. "When I look land-ward my eyes b'ain't so good as they used to be."

He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea dog will ever acknowledge to falling vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is no pretense of unwillingness; it is wholly true. The settled chaos of the shore bewilders him. The cheerful can cannot.

Meanwhile, the daffodils lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.

Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant surances. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more severe audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self-reliant poise of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm incisiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the ruck of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners and even the dress of their male friends.

Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a grace, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has lived much abroad." It came as a surprise to learn that she had never crossed the channel.

The man with her, Lieutenant John Percival Stanhope, R. N., was too familiar a figure in Penzance to evoke mumbled comment from the gallery.

A masterful young gentleman he looked, and one accustomed to having his own way in the world, whether in love or war. True type of the British sailor, he had the physique of a strong man and the adventurously cheerful expression of a boy.

The skin of his face and hands, olive tinted with exposure, his dark hair and the curved eyelashes, which dropped over his blue eyes, no less than the artistic proclivities suggested by his well-chiseled features and long, tapering fingers, proclaimed that Stanhope, notwithstanding his Saxon surname and bluff bearing, was a Celt. His mother, in fact, was a Tregarthen of Cornwall, daughter of a peer and a leading figure in local society.

One may ask, "Why should a youth of good birth and social position be on such terms of easy familiarity with two girls, one of whom was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper and the other her sister by adoption?"

Induced a great many people did ask this pertinent question. Among others, Lady Margaret Stanhope put it often and politely to her son without any cogent answer being forthcoming.

If she were denied enlightenment, although her maternal anxiety was justifiable, the admirals on the pier, as representing the wider gossip of the town, may also be left unsatisfied.

He came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to bungle the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf Rock for the day. It is too bad of you, Enid."

Eyebrows were raised and silent winks exchanged among the human sparrows lining the rails.

"So Master Jack came to see Miss Trevillion, eh? What would her ladyship say if he heard that?"

"Why not come with us?" The audacity of her!

"By Jove," he agreed, "that would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the mater—"

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloak he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed too."

He helped her down the stone steps. "Enid," he murmured, "Constance and you must promise to drive with me to Morvah in the morning. I will call for you at 11 sharp."

"What a pity you can't sail out to the rock with us today! Tomorrow is so distant."

The mix lifted her blue eyes to his with such ingenuous regret in them that Stanhope laughed, and pipes were shifted to permit the listeners above their heads to snigger approval of her quip.

"Dad will wig us enough as it is, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a peace offering of the fruits of the earth, Jack."

"Will you be able to land?"

"One never can tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock."

"Tomorrow is so distant,"

Anyhow, we can have a chat and send up the vegetables by the derrick."

"We'll never get there thiccy tide if we'm stop here much longer," interrupted Ben.

"Hello, old grampus! How are you? Mind you keep these young ladies off the stones!"

"And mind you keep your tin pot off the stones," growled Pollard. "They was a-say'n' 'last night her was around at Portsea."

"They said right, Father Ben. That is why I'm here."

Enid glanced at him with ready anxiety. There was nothing of the flirt in her manner now.

"I hope you had no mishap," she said, and Connie mutely echoed the inquiry. Both girls knew well what a serious thing it was for a youngster to run his first boat ashore.

"Don't look so glum," he chuckled. "I'm all right. Got a bit of kudos out of it, really. We fouled the Volcanic and strained our steering gear. That is all."

It was not all. He did not mention that during a torpedo attack on a foggy night he ran up to three battleships undefended by nets and stenciled initials within a white square, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dictionary meaning of "confounded") that these levitians had been gloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details to-morrow. Enid, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."

"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.

"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for a week. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar, while watched Constance shipping the rudder while Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben piled a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the channel.

They neared the harbor lighthouse. The brown sail filled and the Daisy sped round the end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the promenade, whence he could see the diminishing wedge of canvas on the shining sea. Until it was hidden by Clement's Island.

At last the devotees of twist and raffia, resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange comments.

"Brace o' fine galls, then," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken down "captain" of a mine abandoned soon after his birth.

"Fine," agreed his nearest henchman. Then, catching the gleam of the captain's gaze after Stanhope's retreating figure, he added:

"But what does that young spark want, turning his pretty heads for that I should like to know?"

"They didn't seem particular stuck on 'im," ventured another.

"The ways of women is curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew a girl—"

But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the garbled, but in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June morning eighteen years earlier, when Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of mystery about him too. They all knew that a year—not enough to maintain a daughter and an adopted child in slippers—was 17. A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous, wasn't it?

Everybody agreed that it was.

People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unobscured chap, though, and a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Pheasant and Seine" now. Wouldn't her a wrong word about him and always called him "cap'n."

A pretty sort of a captain! But, then, they all knew what an old slow coach fones was. They did. Jones' plans were retailed on the premises for money down.

Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion. He told a fine tale about a fight with a shark before Brand reached the boat in which was his blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, he had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but then his own mind was given to thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to relieve Khartum, and cause Gordon's death.

No, Brand and the two girls had not lived all the time in Penzance. The light keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog signal far from Penzance was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that all the Polverna nine wanted was work—and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had queer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him queer.

Then the conversation languished, as he only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the Daisy sped buoyantly toward the southwest. Although she was broad in beam and stanch from hwaet to keel, it was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and come in such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillars of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carrad was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they need not, during two-thirds of the time, be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many rocks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

Therefore there was nothing of it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which the Scilly Isles, forty miles away, and well below the boat's horizon.

So, when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of cloud mounting high in the north.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is a brother to fog at sea, though both are generally absent from the Cornish littoral in winter.

"Ben," cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new disciple who had joined the artistic

sterile at Newlyn, "what are you looking at?"

He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white buildings sleeping in a serene composure over the last. "She do look like snow," he admitted.

"Well, what does that matter?" Without waiting for Enid's constipated answer, he turned to the boat. The Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour.

"It be a bit risky," grumbled Ben. "We will be alongside the lighthouse before there can be any serious down-fall," said practical Constance. "Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be."

Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that moment.

"It had to be," he would say. "It was in my mind to argue with her, but I just couldn't. An' how often do we see snow in Cornwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him?

No west country man, certainly.

At a distance of five miles one small fishing craft is as like another as two Elliptians to the eyes of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and the course she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by telephone from the old room to the kitchen. When he came along, in a white nightgown, he found the master of the house, to his surprise, that the Land's End was already bottled out in a swirling snowstorm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a leaden patch whose visible limits made the reef look large by comparison.

With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion. Its heavy boom came dully through the petting snowflakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation, announced his intention to "bottle ship" and make for Morvah's bay.

"'Ee don't ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't see a boat's length ahead," he said emphatically. "I be sorry, ladies both, but 'ee know how the tide runs over the reef, an' 'ee easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'll try again tomorrow. Only the daffodils spoils. All the rest—"

Crash! A loud explosion burst forth from the dense fog of the storm. The Daisy, sturdy as she was, seemed to shiver. The very air trembled with the din. Pollard had his hand on the sail to swing it to starboard when Constance put the tiller over to bring the boat's head up against the wind. For an instant he hesitated. Even he, versed in the ways of the sea, was startled. Both girls positively gasped, the sudden bang of the steam and a so unexpected.

"Mr. Brand must be up to us," pronounced Ben, "he's out of it to us to go back."

The words had hardly left his lips when another explosion of the great steam, followed by a third, came by the quiet place. The boat, just the bows and the stern, was visible in the distance, and the two girls, who had been looking at the steam, were just halfway down the new comers.

"I didn't see 'ee near the light," cried Enid, "but 'ee did see 'ee, Ben?"

Pollard's slow "Did 'ee" was not quick enough. Ben could answer a direct question, but his over-powering summons—"

"That is the best signal," cried Constance, "just to be no question of which in—We must keep our present position for twenty minutes at least and then take to the oars. The bell will guide us."

"Oh, yes, Ben," agreed Enid. "Something has gone wrong of the rock itself. I am quite sure there was no ship near enough to be in trouble already."

"By gum, we're zee 'at's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady it is, Miss Brand. If we're in trouble I'd as soon ha' you two girls aboard as any two men in Penzance."

At another time the compliment would have earned him a torrent of sarcasm. Now it passed unheeded. The situation was bewildering, alarming. There were three keepers in the lighthouse. The signal for trouble, sudden and serious illness. Who could it be?

In such a crisis clarity begins at home. Constance, with set face and shining eyes, Enid, flushed and on the verge of tears, feared lest their own beloved one should be the sufferer.

To each of them Stephen Brand was equally a kind and devoted father. He never allowed Enid to feel that she was dependent on his bounty. Only the other day, when she had hinted at the adoption of an art career as a future means of earning a livelihood, he approved of the necessary study, but laughed at the reason.

"With your pretty face and saucy ways, Enid," he said, "I shall have trouble enough to keep you in the nest without worrying as to the manner of your leaving it. Work at your drawing, by all means. Avoid color as the bane of true art. But when you are old and I live you shall live, until you choose to forsake us."

No wonder those girls thought there was no other man in the world-like "dad." Their delightful home was idyllic in its happiness, their only sorrow that Brand should be away two months out of three on account of the pursuit in which he passed his hours of leisure during recent years.

Neither dared to look at the other. They could not trust themselves even to speak. There was relief in action, for thought was torture.

The docile Daisy steadily forged through the waves. The spasmodic clang of the bell came more clearly each minute. Pollard, kneeling in the bows, peered into the gloom of the swirling snow. He listened eagerly to the bell. With right hand or left he motioned to Constance to bring the boat's head nearer to the wind or port or starboard.

Enid, ready to catch the canyons loose at the first hint of danger, consulted her watch frequently. At last she cried:

"Twenty minutes, Ben."

What a relief it was to hear her own voice. The tension was becoming unbearable.

"Right y' are, missy. No need to slack off yet. 'Tee clearin' a bit. We'll

have to alongside the rock in less'n no time."

The fisherman was right. His trained senses perceived a distinct dimming in the volume of snow. Soon they could see fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards, ahead. On the starboard quarter they caught a confused rushing noise, like the subdued murmur of a hill race. The tide had covered the rock. "Luff it in!" roared Ben suddenly. "Steady now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### Lands in the Middle South.

Considerable encouragement has been given the lamb breeding industry in territory immediately south of the Ohio river by the success of Kentucky and Tennessee growers this season. Tennessee lambs have reached Chicago, and Louisville is expected to be full of them in June. Advisers from the breeding ground indicated a crop 30 per cent larger than last year and of good quality. While Missouri lost the larger portion of its early lambs, Kentucky and Tennessee have been more fortunate. Missouri has heretofore been first in the field, and its bad luck this year was mainly responsible for the paucity of spring lambs in April and May. Thousands of breeding ewes were taken into Kentucky and Tennessee last summer. The middle south is destined to have the lamb breeding industry as its specialty.—Breeder's Gazette.

### A Modern Miracle.

Truly a miracle seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mellie Holt, of this place, writes Mrs. J. O. R. Hooper, Woodford, Penn. She was so wasted by coughing up phlegm from her lungs. Doctors declared her end so near that her family had watched by her bed-side forty-eight hours; when, at my urgent request, Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally, completely recovered, and is a healthy woman today. Guaranteed cure for cough and croup. 50c and \$1.00 at the Jackson Drug Co. Trial bottles free.

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### RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Lexington & Eastern R'y. O. & K. Railway.

Effective May 2nd, 1905

### SUMMER TIME TABLE.

EFFECTIVE MAY 23, 1905.

### WEST BOUND

No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
A. M.	P. M.
6:25	2:25
O. & K. Junction	2:50
Elkton	3:24
Oakdale	3:49
Atcham	3:56
Talaga	4:04
St. Helena	4:12
Beattyville Jun.	4:28
Torrent	4:42
Natural Bridge	4:51
Campton Junction	5:03
Stanton	5:28
Clay City	5:57
L. & E. Junction	6:10
Winchester	6:23
Ar Lexington	6:50

### EAST BOUND

No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
P. M.	A. M.
2:25	7:46
Winchester	8:10
L. & E. Junction	8:25
Clay City	8:40
Stanton	9:10
Campton Junction	9:40
Natural Bridge	9:54
Torrent	10:08
Beattyville Jun.	10:18
St. Helena	10:29
Talaga	10:51
Atcham	10:59
Oakdale	11:06
Elkton	11:22
O. & K. June.	11:26
Ar Jackson	11:30

Trains Nos. 3 and 4 daily; other trains daily except Sunday.

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

BEATTYVILLE JUNCTION—Trains Nos. 3 and 4 with L. & A. for local stations on the L. & A. Ry.

O. & K. JUNCTION—Trains Nos. 3 and 4 with the O. & K. for local stations on the O. & K. Railway.

L. & E. JUNCTION—Trains Nos. 1 and 3 for Mt. Sterling and intermediate points.

CAMPTON JUNCTION—All trains connect with Mountain Central Ry. for Pine Ridge and Campton.

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